

A SAMPLE COMPARISON.

Analysis of the Contents of the Press Evening Papers of Wednesday, Aug. 29—And It Will Hold Good Almost Any Day.

THREE SAMPLES OF PRESS JOURNALISM.			
	THE WORLD.	THE SUN.	THE NEWS.
Cable news.....	1.25	1.25	1.25
Local news.....	1.25	1.25	1.25
Special matters.....	1.25	1.25	1.25
Editorial.....	1.25	1.25	1.25
Total space of reading matter.....	5.00	5.00	5.00

DETAILS OF THE ANALYSIS.

	THE WORLD.	THE SUN.	THE NEWS.
Dramatic news.....	1.00	1.00	1.00
Sports news.....	1.00	1.00	1.00
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OUR OPEN LETTERS.

THE EVENING WORLD proposes to vary the monotony that sometimes characterizes even metropolitan journalism by a series of open letters to various distinguished lights in various walks of life.

We start the ball to-day with a paternal epistle to "Lord Chumley." It is to be hoped that our disinterested motives in opening such a correspondence will be duly appreciated by him, as well as by the public, and that he may profit by the valuable suggestions so freely given.

Other gentlemen of the footlights will receive attention in due time. But the open letters will by no means be confined to them. We shall endeavor not to discriminate in this unique series against other notable characters who cross the metropolitan horizon.

LABOR'S GREAT SUCCESS.

The absence of flags from the City Hall yesterday was an insult to the workmen of the city. It is probable that Mayor Hewitt will seek to evade the responsibility by pretending that the Aldermen have interfered with his authority over the building in relation to the raising of flags, and that they ought to have attended to the matter. But the plain fact is that it was the business of the Mayor to give the order for the decoration of the City Hall in honor of Labor Day, and no one will doubt that his unfeelingness to labor organizations, aggravated by the rebuke recently administered to him by the Central Labor Union in reference to the money offered to the women who testified before the Congressional Committee, was the cause of the omission.

The procession, however, was a grand success, despite Mr. Hewitt's petty insult, and was a credit to the workmen of the city. Indeed, the day was a grand one for Labor everywhere and the holiday, which was first recommended by Gov. Hill, has now become one of the marked anniversaries of the country.

Not the least creditable and pleasing incident of the day is the fact that at Cleveland, where an organized association of Anarchists joined the procession, the workmen turned down the red flag and drove the Anarchists from the ground.

There can be no sympathy between honest labor and the enemies of law and order, which are the bulwarks of the workmen's rights and liberty.

ANXIOUS ABOUT CANADA.

President CLEVELAND's message has made things as lively in England and Canada as in the United States. Despite the silly bluster of the London administration organ, which is probably indulged in for political effect, a special cable to THE WORLD brings the intelligence that the British Government is anxious over the situation, and has forwarded special despatches to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, enjoining him to use the utmost caution, and requesting information as to the exact situation.

The plain fact is that the matter is wholly under the control of Canada. This Government is not making any raid against Canadian rights. It is the Canadian Government that is acting on the offensive and assailing our rights. If England will make her Canadian child behave himself we shall treat him as indulgently and kindly as ever. But if he misbehaves himself he will get spanked. That is the case in a nutshell.

DEALING WITH TRUSTS.

It is very awkward for Mr. BLAINE that Congress is in session at this time. The greatest living statesman is making speeches to prove that Trusts are private affairs with which the people have no right to interfere, and in which Congress has no concern, and that the protection of high taxation does not encourage Trusts or facilitate them in any manner. And now one bill is introduced in Congress to punish all persons who enter into combinations to restrict trade, limit production, control prices, or prevent competition in merchandise or commodities; and another bill follows exempting from duty all cotton bagging and other manufactures suitable to the uses to which cotton bagging is applied, in order to kill the Cotton Bagging Trust.

There can be no question of the authority

of Congress to pass laws called for by public policy to protect trade and to prevent conspiracies and combinations to restrict production, kill competition and regulate prices. The new doctrine of "States rights," advanced by Mr. BLAINE, that Congress cannot legislate on Trusts because they are chartered by the States would be absurd, even if it were true that Trusts are formed under State charters, which they are not. The laws of States must conform to the laws of Congress, although Mr. BLAINE out-Calhouns Calhoun himself in contending that Congress must be controlled by the laws of States.

The plain fact is that a Trust is the most monstrous kind of monopoly, the worst enemy of the people, and those who defend and champion Trusts must expect public condemnation.

A COURT SENSATION.

The HILL-SHARON drama, which has long been before the public and presented many exciting scenes, reached a sensational climax yesterday in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco. It must have been a novel sight to see a venerable and dignified Judge of the United States Supreme Court, while delivering an opinion from the bench, interrupted by the oaths and ravings of a virago, openly accused of being bought with "Old Sharon's money," and asked to state at what price he had sold himself.

The woman who claims to have been Mrs. SHARON is now the wife of Judge TERRY, who became notorious by killing DAVID C. BRODERICK in a duel in California twenty-nine years ago. TERRY backed up his wife in court yesterday in her coarse attack on Judge FIELD, and being still a man of enormous strength it was some time before he could be overcome. He was armed with a bowie-knife, with which he sought to kill an officer of the Court. The result was the commitment of TERRY to prison for six months and of the fair but foul-mouthed SARAH ALTEIRA for thirty days. As many years in both cases would not have been more than the worthy couple deserved.

A Mayor in Cuba has been seized by brigands and carried off. A ransom of \$20,000 is offered for his restoration to the now headless city of Matanzas. If brigands were to kidnap Mayor HEWITT, the firms that supply the City Hall with stationery would contribute that amount to get him back again.

One of the pleasant features of Labor Day was the picnic of the Old Volunteer Firemen's Association which took place at BROOKLYN'S Union Park. The old volunteer firemen were heroes in their day, and the people of New York will always take interest in their proceedings.

The Retaliator bill recommended by President CLEVELAND is to be put through the House to-day. The Democratic branch of Congress ought to have rushed the bill through as soon after the reading of the President's message as was possible.

HONORABLE WHITE tells his friends that he is "very doubtful about CLEVELAND being able to carry New York." Is HONORABLE WHITE's paper helping him to success in the State?

It is said at Republican headquarters that BLAINE may answer THURMAN in this city. Oh, no! Mr. BLAINE may speak after THURMAN, but he will not answer him.

GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Frog legs, 40 cents.
Keg plant, 5 to 12 cents.
Butter, 25 cents a pound.
Cheese, 12 cents a pound.
Eggs, 12 to 15 cents a dozen.
Cauliflower, 10 to 15 cents.
Butter, 12 cents a pound.
Flour, 8 cents a pound.
Soft-shell crabs, 1 per dozen.
Oranges, 30 to 40 cents a dozen.
Raspberries, 3 bunches for 5 cents.
Green peppers, 15 cents a dozen.
Lemons, 25 cents a half peck.
Lemons, twenty-five for 25 cents.
Peaches, 75 cents to \$1.25 a basket.
Grapes, 10 to 15 cents a pound; 25 cents a ten-pound basket.

SEEN AT LABORS' PICNIC.

Ed Balet and his pretty wife, who led the march at the Labor picnic, yesterday.
Jim Shea, who gave an elegant silk American flag, cost \$100, to the Oystermen's Union.
Lewis Cash, of the U. O. A. C., who fell from his horse last year and was laid up for six months, was on hand, happy and gay.
Anthony Sheridan, of Horsemen's Union No. 1, who won the first prize in the five mile walk.
Anthony is a working horseholder.
George Warner who, it was said, rode a Government mule in the parade, explaining that the mule was a \$4.50 trotter.
A. D. Agnew, with his No. 11 shoes.
"Bob" Davis, who carried off Ed Finkleton's prize for the handsomest mustache, stroking the same.
Secretary Randolph Walker, of the Barbers' Union, the Assistant Floor Manager, dancing away.
Dan O'Dair piloting a bevy of pretty girls, while his handsome face beamed.
Poor Manager William Shakespeare, a descendant of the bard, leading the grand march.
Phil Kelly and his wife and daughter looking on.
Ed Cookin, dancing about and seeing to it that all enjoyed themselves.
Grand Marshal Sullivan the centre of a group of pretty girls.
Assistant Matt Barr discussing the situation of things in general.
Ed Finkleton condemning Mayor Hewitt for not noting the flags on the City Hall.
James P. Archibald, fat and jolly, enjoying himself.
Ludwig Jablonsky looking for the Reception Committee's room.
Gregory Weinstein discussing spriters in general and surrounded by a bevy of fair maids.

Telegraphers in Drama and Dance.
The annual dramatic performance and reception of the New York Telegraph Operators will take place on Monday evening, Oct. 15, at Turin Hall, 66 and 68 East Fourth street.
The dramatic drama, "The Palace," will be produced with the following cast:
"Terence O'More," with songs, Tom O'Reilly; David O'Connor, Eugene Adamson; Bill Hutton; Tom Hollister; Bernard Kavanagh, W. J. Barnum; Father O'Connell, J. C. Vancura; Black Roddy, Wm. Ring; Capt. Chaffield, Joe. J. J. Doyle; A. Callahan; Red Harty; C. H. Hennessy; McLaughlin, J. F. Doyle; Dennis, T. Kinella; Dorothy, Miss Margaret Carroll; Kitty, Miss Mamie Flynn; Kathleen, Miss Lena Knodel; Miss Annette Adair will sing some choice selections and a reception will follow.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SOTHERN.

"LORD CHUMLEY" GIVEN A LITTLE FREE ADVICE.

First of a Series of Very Interesting Epistles—Alan Dais Dispenses Some Confidential Advice—A Frank Talk About Stage Success—The Present and Future of a Son of His Father.

The following open letter is addressed to Mr. E. H. Sothern, now acting as Lord Chumley:

My Dear Boy:
You must excuse the apparent familiarity of this mode of address and set it down to the babbling good nature with which I always effervesce when I approach a person or a subject of public interest, and that I can talk for a few minutes with no possibility of interruption. There is great consolation in a pen. You may be bitterly anxious to have your little say long before I have finished, but you are powerless to stay me, dear boy. Tennyson's brook is a fool to me when I get started.

When you first came to this country, dear boy, you were the son of your father, and rejoiced in that fact with a feeling that perhaps was hardly as final as it might have been, but which, under the circumstances, altogether magnanimously pardon.

I notice with a little surprise that your parentage interests you far less at the present than it did in the days of your early appearance here. That little ladder which you used so effectively to start up to golden success to success you now feel inclined to kick down. E. H. Sothern, I think he can stand alone. In the true American spirit he is beginning to free at tradition. A few ill-advised people have probably boobyed him up with the idea that he can afford to do so. It is no easy to believe that we desire—don't I, Ed? (Don't mind this familiarity. Of course it sounds rather trite at first.) Now, look here, old one—the expression is that of Lord Chumley—every one who has seen your good work must prophesy success for you in the future. You have heard this so often that it has turned your head, and, though I hate to say it, it swelled it until its voluminous proportions have really hampered your work most seriously. You cannot readily understand that an interest in you is rather than the future that is the present. I want to appeal to your intelligence. Only your enemies will recommend you to stay contentedly in the position you have now reached, which, though pleasant, should not be all-sufficient to your ambition.

Your self-satisfaction is most annoying. It is more than apparent in Lord Chumley, whose most striking characteristic is his self-satisfaction. The moment you appeared in that doorway leading to the stage your self-satisfaction could be seen. Manager Frohman caused a bright line light to fall upon your features and there you stood, as complete a personification of the poseur as any one could wish not to see.

Your managers have striven to make you believe that you are strikingly handsome. They have compared your personal charms to those of the pretty Keleys, whose beauty is his stock in trade. They have diligently fanned your vanity. They have been cruel. A beautiful actor is rarely a dramatic success, and we all know how true this is of the other sex. The man or woman does not exist whose physical charms have won for them dramatic recognition.

Old man, at this period of your career you have got to don your thinking-cap and make a most important choice. There is a tide in the affairs of man—no, I haven't time to be "cheatney." These are the questions that confront you: Shall I rely upon the sexual effect of my personality, which my manager tells me will always appeal to a certain class, for success, and dilute the way of the most effective, poetic, and the most picturesque situation, or shall I trust to my dramatic ability, which I know exists, and work my way legitimately into the esteem and platonic admiration of the world?

If you choose the former alternative, dear boy, you need work no more. You will never grow more handsome, and you can not grow more beautiful. You are an Adonis. You can just remain where you are, and—as the ladies say—look pretty. Ask Mr. Frohman to always supply you with a play where you can stand in a doorway and pose beneath the beautifying rays of a light, as you do in "Lord Chumley." See that your photographs are judiciously circulated through the highways and byways of the nation, and if you can succeed in cajoling a hatter to advertise a Sothern hat, or a tailor a Sothern waistcoat, why, as the Frenchman says with a sardonic smile: "But, Ed, old fellow, if you select the latter alternative, and you will do it if you be the man I imagine you are—you will have to buckle to and work hard. The vein of your dramatic ability has been opened, the reservoir has been coming forth during the past year most pleasingly. But your best friends—they are not those who flatter you—think that the vein is now closing, that the opening is healing, and that Mr. Sothern does not care for further exertion.

As Lord Chumley you are very effective and you have distinctly added to your reputation by the impersonation, but your performance lacks the great charm of self-forgetfulness—a charm that very few actors possess, by the bye, but which is none the less worth striving after for all that.

With a big head a man is top-heavy. No one can forget himself thus embarrassed. Do not be spoiled by enemies in the guise of friends. I will tell you what, part I should like to see you play. That of Monsieur, the humpbacked dwarf in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts." It would do you good. There is scope for excellent acting, but I defy any man living to pose in the part. ALAN DAVIS.

Geometrical Exclusiveness Disturbed.

Stuyvesant Park is a curiosity of the metropolis. It is surrounded by the dwellings of the most pretentious exclusive of New York city. Other quarters of fashion have one after another given way to the northward advance of business, but twenty or thirty "old families" have steadfastly refused to budge from Stuyvesant Park. The ancients and honorables of Stuyvesant Park are distinguished by their place of residence as ever so good better than the average of people. A high fence shut in the trees and greenward of the park, and the high gates for a quarter of a century been shut only at sundown, so that the premises were practically sacred to those neighbors who had keys, while the rabble were kept out. The common belief was that the ground belonged to the property-owners surrounding it. Now, THE EVENING WORLD has been the cause of a change to do, and one of its reporters learned that there was no legal or valid reason for the exclusion of the public from Stuyvesant Park. The paper made a hobby of the matter, demanding that the gates be opened, holding mass-meetings in the tenement-house district near by, circulating petitions to the Park Commissioners and in every way making the matter a public one. The result was that the sacred place is to be desecrated. No longer will that particular coterie of "our best society" have the place to themselves, but it will be over-run by afternoon and evening by common, every-day people. It is thought that there will be a migration of the swells in consequence of the invasion by the multitude.

A Common Experience.

First Youth—By Jinks, Harry, What's the matter? Did Clara Vere de Vere refuse you?
Second Youth—No, she accepted me.
First Youth—Then what is creation are you looking so blue about?
Second Youth—The spent so much money courting her that I haven't enough left to buy an engagement ring.
Diarrhea and dysentery are evaded during testing by MORRIS'S TANNING CIGARETTES. 50 cents.

THE JOKE COMPETITION.

Judge Nye Is Now Busy Hunting for the Prize Winner.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Car Full of Jags that Bloomed in the Mid-Afternoon.

A gentleman who got on a Fourth Avenue car was approaching his seat when a young man addressed him thickly and intently. What he said didn't amount to anything, except as giving evidence that the young man was in possession of a blooming jag.

As the gentleman seated himself he saw another young man in the corner of the car completely surrendered to rosy dreams, happy and contented. The conductor poked him up now and then to see that he didn't get by his place.

Soon after the car stopped and a huge man clod in blue got in. He shuffled to a seat, flopped into it and had hardly touched his back to it before his hands drooped at his side, his head fell forward like a poppy's, and his mouth fell ajar. He was asleep. He had the perfume of a Kentucky county about him, and he breathed like a back-country racer. He had a "still" on. The gentleman looked round to see if any intoxicated person had acquired.

The round fish-eyed baby across from him seemed to have inebriated tremors in his rolling orbs, but he could no more have told the disease in his innocent stage than he could tell whether a Little Neck clam was suffering from pneumonia or paresis.

As the conductor came around he leaned over and said to him in a whisper: "Conductor, is this a special car for inebriates?"

The conductor, who had been spending so much of his time in walking the streets, grinned in appreciation of the remark. And yet it was only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Why this early fun?

An Old Curiosity-Shop Man Who Likes to Talk of Guns.

On an east-side street is a store known as "The Curiosity Shop," which is kept by an old Englishman. Almost everything in the way of firearms, cutlery, tools or musical instruments can be bought within.

The store is about 11 by 5 feet wide, and is crammed as full of stuff as it possibly can be.

There is scarcely space in front of the counter for one person to stand. The old man likes to talk of firearms, and when an EVENING WORLD reporter asked him what he could sell a pistol for he said: "Here is a Smith & Wesson. Russian model," said he, showing a pistol at the reporter that, for the moment, looked like a small-sized cannon. It was over a foot long, carried a .45-caliber ball, and weighed fully two pounds. "I will sell this for \$8. The 'baby' self-action revolver brings \$3 and \$3.25."

"Who are your best customers?"

"Watchmen, policemen, country constables and deputy sheriffs. I could sell to boys, but don't. Speaking of deputy sheriffs, I sometimes get a badge through a pawnbroker's auction. I sold one the other day for \$2 to a man over on Long Island."

The old man also showed the reporter a beautiful .45-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. The old man was lost up in the Arctic regions, the crew being rescued from an ice floe. The curiosity dealer bought the revolver for \$25 and sold it for \$35.

He said that Giovanni P. Morosini had had since offered him \$40 for it but that he wanted \$50.

Passengers Said to Be Gaining in Reason and Patience.

"People ain't as they used to be," said a guard on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad to an EVENING WORLD reporter.

"In what particular way?" queried the reporter.

"Why, they ain't such kickers. There was a time when, if a passenger happened to be carried past his station, he would set up a growl, and it was with difficulty sometimes that he was avoided more serious trouble."

"Once in a while you will hear of a passenger getting into trouble with a gateman, and then the newspapers generally go for the gateman. I tell you, the gatemen are getting to be more patient. I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten they would find that the passenger was either drunk or infringing on one of the gatemen's rules."

"You see, we can't afford to get into trouble unnecessarily because we would lose our situations if it became known to the superintendent."

Sometimes people actually have the "nerve" to ask us to tell them when the train gets to a certain distant station. If we remember that we are talking to the gateman, it is his own fault. We try to be as civil as possible to our patrons, and if they do their part there will be even less trouble than there is now."

Park Keepers Get No Extra Pay for Their Urbanity and Manners.

In Central Park a slate-colored guardian of the peace was watching the workmen who were engaged in laying the new main near the arsenal. To him approached a small girl and said:

"Mister, what time is it?"

"Why don't you go and look at the clock?" he answered, turning on his heel and raising his arm towards the tower of the Armory.

"That's the clock," said the girl, "but I want to know the time. The clock here is the one that I want to know the time of."

"Oh, you can go down and look at it. What makes you think I have the time?"

"You ought to have it," said the woman angrily, as she moved off with the little girl. "You ought to have it," retorted the officer mockingly, and then turning to some one near by he said: "These people want you to do everything."

"This is our municipal protectors show their urbanity, and comfort the thoughtless public. There is no extra pay for manners."

A Brand-New Story of a Fish That Mean Will Spoil.

Jose G. Morales, lawyer at 137 Broadway, has been boarding at the South Beach Hotel, Staten Island, for several weeks, and he brought a fish story to New York under his hat the other morning.

"Right below Brown's Hotel, at South Beach, is a little tent," said Mr. Morales. "In that same little tent," he continued, "a fisherman has an exhibition of a sea-cow fish, the funniest looking fish I ever saw. It looks something like a small whale, and the fishermen hold it as weighed 2,300 pounds. It has only one eye, a very small mouth and is as hard as bone. It is about six feet long and is flat. I wanted the fisherman to preserve it with ice, but he said fresh water would spoil it. The moon, too, says, will make it decay, so he is particular not to have the light of the moon reach it. The fish was caught a good distance out to sea."

Not Particular.

Dogevener—You take this animal. I sell him for five dollars. That is dog-cheap. Little Customer—Is he a particular breed?
Dogevener—No, he ain't a bit particular. He'd just as love to win a prize as he would.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

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